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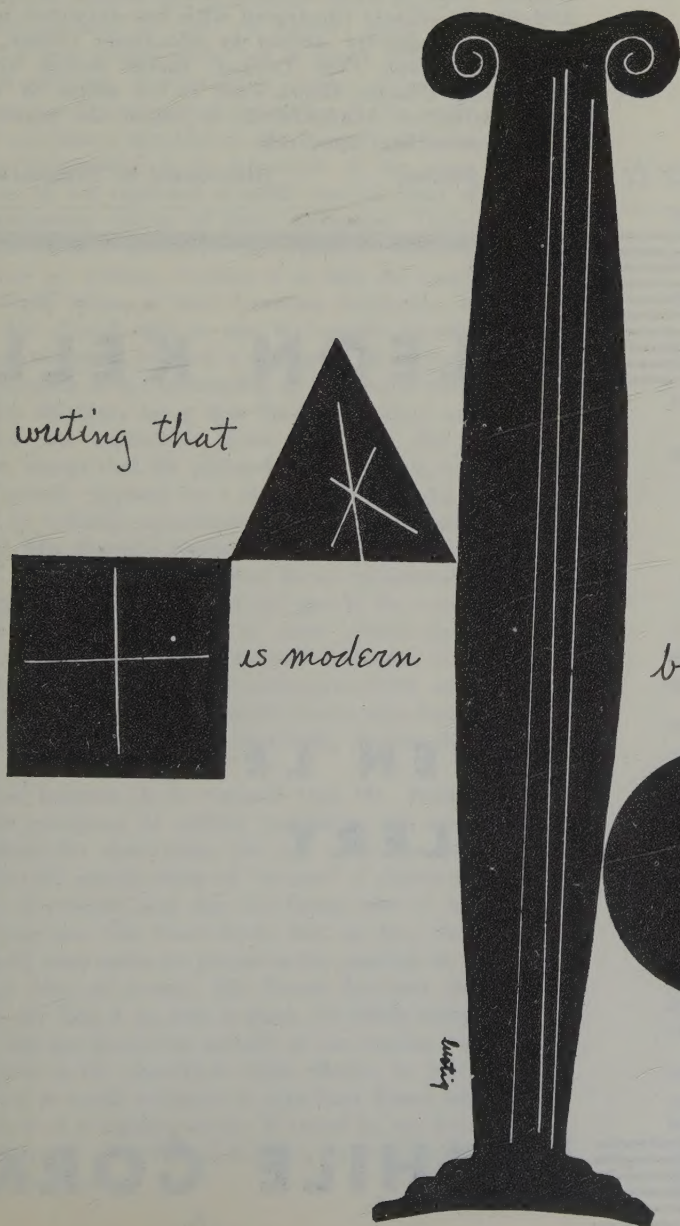
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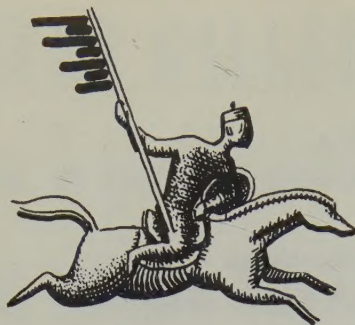
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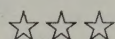
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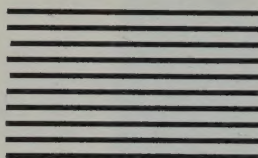
a
review
of
general
semantics

The Editors of ETC. announce with pleasure an ENLARGED journal in forthcoming issues, beginning with the THIRD VOLUME. Articles are scheduled to appear on subjects such as the following: General Semantics in RACE RELATIONS; Visual Symbolism in MOVING PICTURES; the Physical Concept of THE AUTONOMOUS FIELD; the Semantics of MODERN ART; Semantic Factors in CIVIL LIBERTIES, CHILD CARE, LABOR RELATIONS, ENGLISH TEACHING, LAW, etc. Increasing interest in Semantics and General Semantics among a wide variety of people assures the readers of ETC. an expanding range of provocative articles revealing the COMMUNITY OF METHODOLOGICAL PROBLEMS in many fields other than their own.

ETC. A REVIEW OF GENERAL SEMANTICS

Illinois Institute of Technology
3300 Federal St., Chicago 16, Ill.

edited by S. I. HAYAKAWA



LEON KELLY

AT
JULIEN LEVY
GALLERY



ARSHILE GORKY



Ezra Pound: A Point of View

EZRA POUND is certainly the only artist citizen of a modern state to be charged with treason; if found guilty at his scheduled trial by a Federal jury, he may be executed. His perilous situation brings to mind Plato's exile of poets from his Republic, as though the artist were construable as one having no business with politics. But in the past, artists have not only taken political attitudes, and sometimes radical ones, but have become embroiled conspicuously in political issues (Dante and Byron, for example). After all, an artist is also a citizen, with due rights, and theoretically Mr. Pound is only another citizen, if one who has chanced to betray the country from which he was a voluntary exile.

As long as the State reigns, state justice must be observed; Mr. Pound cannot even plead that his state apostasy is based on a "higher" issue, to do with the soul or esthetics; no, his stand was consciously and specifically political during the past war. His opposition to the American government was in no sense implicit or rendered necessary by artistic precepts. But this opposition *was* rendered necessary by a fact which none of the prominent writers asked to comment publicly (in *PM*) on Pound's arrest have noticed a fact which, while not in direct line with political ideology, is certainly a matter of government; we mean the economic position of the artist.

It is well known that high in Mr. Pound's prejudice against "democracy" is its treatment of the artist, and that he has expressed decided views in favor of the Renaissance system of direct patronage. Therefore the relevant source of Mr. Pound's "Fascism" should be no mystery. Curious it is that the latest, "New Deal," phase of that American democracy, at which Mr. Pound used to aim his crudely phrased barbs on the radio, hatched a scheme of art-sponsorship analogous to the sponsorship of the Fascist state, the main difference being that the WPA project was a remedy for capitalistic illness. But what else is Fascism, except that the political power of democracy is formally deposed by a state revolution and a system of extreme centralization and labor-coercion sets in? Mr. Pound's reactionary economic conception of the artist is that he must be an exceptionally privileged person as he was in the past in the courts of princes and popes. Due to some constitutional astigmatism, Mr. Pound has conceived Fascism as a parliamentary revision of an omnipotent WPA with the greatest artists at the Administration's right hand. He also has ideas about Social Credit, but let that pass.

At the moment, it is rumored that Mr. Pound, evincing symptoms of mental instability, has been hospitalized for observation. He may have been advised that his special crime of "treason" is similar to "crimes of passion" and that the formal plea of insanity may save him from death. But we deny that art should once again be placed in the position of a tolerated form of lunacy. Mr. Pound has had the sense to say that if an idea is good, it's worth dying for; he has not struck the attitude of one looking for extenuation in his capacity as artist. Maybe, we wish to suggest, it would be better to give Ezra Pound his martyrdom of a traitor's death. If tested in any laboratory but that of individual sacrifice, his ideas would seem pitiable indeed.



View

Series V, No. 5, December 1945

THE MODERN MAGAZINE

"Il faut être absolument moderne"—Rimbaud

COVER BY ANDRE MASSON

Masson executed this special cover for View before he left recently for his native France.

HERITAGE OF THE ACCURSED

KURT SELIGMANN 6

Kurt Seligmann, better known as painter than as writer, was born in Switzerland in 1900 and recently became an American citizen. Formerly a member of the surrealist group, his new work is orientated towards magical symbols and images.

VISIONS OF THE COMTE DE PERMISSION

8

Bluet d'Achères, a shepherd who became court jester to Henri IV and was then known as Comte de Permission (1562-1606), could neither read nor write. He dictated his prophecies and visions to the nobles of the Court.

THE SCORPION

PAUL BOWLES 9

A surrealist short story by the young composer-critic. Bowles has translated and adapted Jean-Paul Sartre's play "Huis-Clos" ("No Exit" is the English title) for Broadway production.

THE PARABOLA OF POETRY

RAMON J. SENDER 10

Ramon Sender, now in New York, is widely read in both Spanish and English. Ernest Hemingway, whom he has influenced, considers him the greatest living writer.

SHE WOKE ME UP SO I KILLED HER

JEAN FERRY 11

These "Notes on Sleep," which have been translated by Paul Bowles, reached us from Paris. Jean Ferry is one of the newer French writers.

YVES TANGUY, OF THE MIRROR OF WONDERS

RENE RENNE AND
CLAUDE SERBANNE 13

René Renne and Claude Serbanne, of the youngest generation in France's literary revival, are writing a series of papers on avant-garde artists. We hope to have their essay on Tchelitchev for an early issue. The original of the present study on Tanguy (translated by Paul Bowles) will appear in the original French in "Cahiers du Sud" (Marseilles).

WALK (poem)

CHARLES HENRI FORD 14

Charles Henri Ford's new book-manuscript of poetry, which will be his first full length volume since "The Overturned Lake" (1941), is in preparation.

ART

15

A review of Stuart Davis's exhibition by Parker Tyler.

LITERATURE

17

Book reviews by Paul Goodman, Marius Bewley, and Parker Tyler.

MUSIC

21

"Recent Records and Concerts" by Lou Harrison.

REPRODUCTIONS

Pages 6, 7, 8, 9 (documentary), page 10 (Walter Goldstein), page 11 (Gina Hohensee), page 12 (Yves Tanguy), page 13 (George Platt Lynes), page 15 (Mark Tobey).

Owing to an oversight, the photograph of Nijinsky in "The Cobra," which appeared in our previous issue, was not credited to the collection of Roger Pryor Dodge.

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Heritage of the Accursed

by KURT SELIGMANN

THIS episode is furtively mentioned in Genesis: "The sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair."

The fathers of the Church have declared that the sons of God were fallen angels who mated with mortal women of antediluvian times. These angels betrayed the secrets of God in teaching their sweethearts the art of dyeing cloth, of working metals, of cutting precious stones, etc., arts which brought to men mundane pleasures and corruption. For this betrayal the angels were cursed, and a curse lay upon the arts. It



THE HERMAPHRODITE

science, or knowledge, was according to the Church leaders "a vain curiosity." And the women were severely reprehended by Paul who wanted them "to keep quiet in Church." For, said he, if they want to know anything, they may ask their husbands at home.

Such were the views of early orthodox Christians. They still owed women a grudge for having brought knowledge to man, together with the punishment of heaven.

But simultaneously with such views there existed contrary conceptions. The *Gnostic Ophites* declared that Eve had been divinely inspired, that the serpent of paradise was a beneficent being sent by *God-Mother Sophia* (wisdom!). She had been alarmed about man's being kept in ignorance! The Hebrew God, they declared, was the creator of the material world, which is imperfect. The world of ideas, and the highest heavens were the product

of a superior God.

When Sophia and the redeemer ascended to heaven a ray fell upon the waters. From this contact of the divine light and matter was born Iadalbaoth (Jehovah).

Did not the Old Testament repeat that he was a jealous One? He was jealous because man had given thanks, not to him but to the Supreme. . . .

* * *

Orthodox doctors chose the tree of knowledge as the symbol of science and *sinful curiosity*.

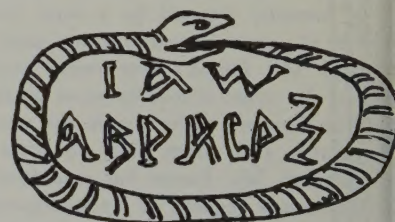
Gnostic philosophers chose the serpent of paradise as the emblem of knowledge and *rightful investigation*.

Both agreed that the Father had been despoiled of divine secrets. But their attitude towards the Father and towards the problem of *guilt* were diametrically opposed.

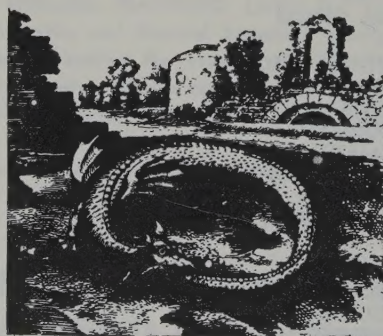


THE GNOSTIC TRINITY
Father, Mother, Son

was the second time that the Elohim were robbed of their secrets which they wanted to withhold from the mortals. Before that, Genesis reports, the serpent had planted in Eve's heart the longing for knowledge. She and Adam ate the forbidden fruit, and they became like God, knowing good and evil. Twice, women had been the promoters of knowledge. But



THE GNOSTIC SERPENT



THE ALCHEMIST'S DRAGON



ALCHEMICAL RIDDLE

The Catholics humbly accepted the fact that they were guilty. The Father was offended, and forgiveness could come only through the Son who would shed his blood for mankind.

The Gnostics did not admit their culpability. They projected their feeling of guilt upon the Father, saying that he had treated them badly. And He had done worse: The Savior had come



WOMAN ENCOURAGING MAN TO INVESTIGATE

down, not to wash away the original sin which did not exist, but to teach man still more of the divine secrets, withheld by the Father. Jehovah had wickedly incensed the Hebrews to do away with the Son. By the Father's intrigue the Son was killed. With such arguments the Gnostics pleaded *not guilty*. And they accused the accuser.

Ophite sects worshipped the serpent of paradise, the *Ouroboros*, which bites his own tail. Many ideas were imposed upon this image. The serpent was thought to be divided into light and dark, good and bad. The light *Head* devours the dark *Tail*. The tails renews itself eternally, for it is the head's nourishment. Should the tail be destroyed, the head would perish as well, body and head being one. Good and bad partake of the same body.

In reference to the tree of paradise this could mean that the power deriving from knowledge produces equally good and evil. From plants we can concoct healing medicine and deadly poison. The knowledge of alloys promotes industries and falsifications, etc.

The serpent hid still another



NICHOLAS FLAMEL'S FIGURE
Left: The Crucified Serpent
Right: King Herode

meaning. In regard to the universe he signified that there is a never ending circuit of *metamorphoses*. Matter changes continually from the perfect to the imperfect, from the vile to the noble. The world of matter contains the good and the bad. They are intermingled and change constantly from one to the other.

Ascending to the *world of ideas*, of which the material world is but a mirage, we can say that good and bad are *compatible* in the divine. In ancient Egypt, the evil Seth-Typhon was the brother of the good Osiris. In Persia of old the twofoldness of the divine was the very base of the religious system. According to Zoroaster



PUTREFACTION GLORIFIED

(Zarathustra) the evil Anra Minju had sprung from a doubting thought of the good Ahura Mazda. They combated one another, but there will be a day of reckoning, when the opponents will reconcile themselves. Good and Evil will be united and side by side Mazda and Anra Mainju will enter the purified new kingdom.

Though differing in many important points, the Gnostic conceptions were also dualistic.

* * *

The *earliest alchemists* adopted the serpent *Ouroboros* as their most cherished emblem. The *tree* and the *serpent* have ever since held a preponderant place in alchemical graphisms. Gnosticism

and alchemy were closely related. No doubt the alchemists accepted the Gnostic version of the happenings in the garden of Eden. They sanctioned Gnostic views when accepting their famous emblem. They shared with them the belief in the divine origin of knowledge. And from the Catholics they readily accepted that a *curse* lay upon the arts. For Iadalbaoth was jealous and vengeful.

Yet they proceeded with their alchemical experiments.

A most curious fact is that among the earliest alchemists we find several *women*: Mary the Jewess, Cleopatra, Isis and Theosebia.

In orthodox communities wo-



BASIL VALENTINE'S DIAGRAM

in their macrocosmic garb: Sun, Moon and Mercury. The Gnostic heavenly family has ever since remained in Hermetic literature. True, the orthodox Trinity was also accepted. It ruled above in the highest heavens. To the *Gnostic trinity* a place was assigned in the *macrocosm*.

Sun, Moon and Mercury were identified with the three essences of the universe, Soul, Spirit and Matter.

* * *

The state of perfection is the union of the male and the female principle, the synthesis of what seems to be forever separated. This idea was heeded by many Gnostic sects, for instance by the Valentinians. In a secret temple chamber the faithful was to witness the heavenly union of Sophia and the Redeemer; and in a state of rapture he would experience union with his protecting angel.

According to the alchemists, the philosophers' stone could be made only through the union of the male and the female, the fixed and the volatile, day and night, Sun and Moon, etc.

A seventeenth century etching shows Sun and Moon in an embrace. From this coition is born the philosophers' stone, emerging from the female element, water.

The stone partakes of both sexes. Often it is called the Her-

men had to keep quiet; among the Gnostics—and the alchemists—they played an important role. The myth of the Genesis became a reality: from the second century on, women are the promoters of scientific investigation.

In her writings Isis boasts of how she acquired her knowledge. She reveals to her son Horus that the angel Amnael taught her the Hermetic art in requital for the intercourse to which she had condescended. This sounds like a challenge to Genesis and to its orthodox interpreters.

In Cleopatra's book on Gold-Making, Gnostic conceptions are evident. For the first time in alchemical graphic, Cleopatra represents Father, Mother and Son



THE NEUROTIC CHARACTER OF ALCHEMY: Woman Suckled by a Toad.

maphrodite.

* * *

In Basil Valentine's famous alchemical diagram the partition of the world into male and female is summed up. Male are the Sun, the soul, fire, earth, gold, etc. Female are the Moon, the spirit, air, water, silver, etc. In the world below, soul, spirit and matter have their replica in sulphur, mercury, lead, whose signs are indicated with these minerals upon the alchemist's face. The synthesis must be attained through the seven stages of the alchemical process, shown upon the disk that covers man. His feet standing upon water and earth, female and male, allude to the belief that perfection is the hermaphrodite.

In Nicholas Flamel's Hermetic figures, Ophite ideas are clearly discernible. The fourth stage of the process is symbolized by flowing blood. In the fifteenth century, one would expect flowing blood to be symbolized by the crucified Son. Instead, Flamel represents the iniquitous Father, King Herode killing the Innocents (the king is the father of the people). The sixth stage is emblemized by a cross. Flamel, however, does not show the Son hanging upon it, but the serpent: redemption came through the serpent of paradise, i.e. knowledge.

Abraham Lambsprink stresses the conflict between Father and Son. Father is the (imperfect) matter, Son is the soul. The Son climbs upon a hill (the Father). They are reconciled by the Spirit. Yet the reconciliation is of an ambiguous character, for:

"... when the Son entered the
Father's house,
The Father took him to his heart,
And swallowed him out of excessive joy."

Finally they ruled together, united



THE COITION OF THE SUN AND MOON

The Visions of the Comte de Permission

I SAW three suns in the sky, and it was always night and the daylight never came. The sky was shadows and darkness. Leaving the sky with twelve shining stars, a sun came down upon the earth and walked about like a man with its twelve stars; it did not send forth its rays, although it could have done so; but wherever it moved, that place became light. The air teemed with forces of many kinds. The sun which was on earth became all bloody, and then the stars became bloody as the sun had. The forces which were in the air fell dead upon the earth, splotted with the sun's blood. The bloody sun went back up toward the one that had stayed in the sky. The great sun shared its rays with the other, and there was no sign that the first had been covered with blood.

When the second sun arrived with its rays shining forth everywhere, the world wanted to take its rays into each house. Out of thirty-three thousand houses, there were only three thousand with an open door. Those who had opened their doors became doves and stars which shot straight up into the sky. But those who had not opened their doors were turned into crows, and from their houses crawled forth serpents that hid in the ground.

Then I saw some trumpets that kept blaring, and twelve horsemen with a great entourage. The sun that had been bloody still lighted the twelve horsemen, and they cried into their trumpets: "Those who refuse to open the door to the sun's ray shall be put to the sword." Then the voice of the trumpets cried to the shepherd: "Open your door so that the sun may leave its rays in your house; and you shall see miraculous things, and the judgment and the punishment of those who scorned the sun." Then I saw all the angels weeping, and with their tears they washed the sky clean. Then the third sun rose into the sky with the two others, and they became one great flaming sun. All the shadows of the air melted away and it was day on earth and the world was all in flames.

[Continued on Page 22]

forever by the spirit. The happy end reminds one of the Zoroastrian dogma.

The instigating role played by women, Michael Majer shows in an etching where a man in armor fights the flames, encouraged by a "beautiful daughter of men."

Many more such instances could be enumerated, showing that the Hermetic doctrines were endowed with Gnostic elements. Is it necessary to point to the importance of the alchemist's taking his stand below the tree of knowledge? Against religious prejudices he promoted scientific investigation.

* * *

Psychoanalysts have revealed the neurotic character of alchemical images and practices: the adepts' fondness for putrefaction, experimentation with nasty substances, their peephole curiosity in erotic matters, their glorification of the hermaphrodite, etc.

Investigation into these psychic realms will solve many riddles. The analysis of the alchemist's "true essence" may also throw light upon the little known Gnostic religions.

★

The foregoing is an excerpt from "Seers, Wizards and Magicians", to be published in 1946 by Pantheon Books. It will be fully documented with illustrations.

Other chapter titles include "Magic about Hair and Nails," "Mystery of Stars and Numbers," "Casting out the Fly Demon," "Omens, Oracle and Astrology" and "Dreams and Ghosts."



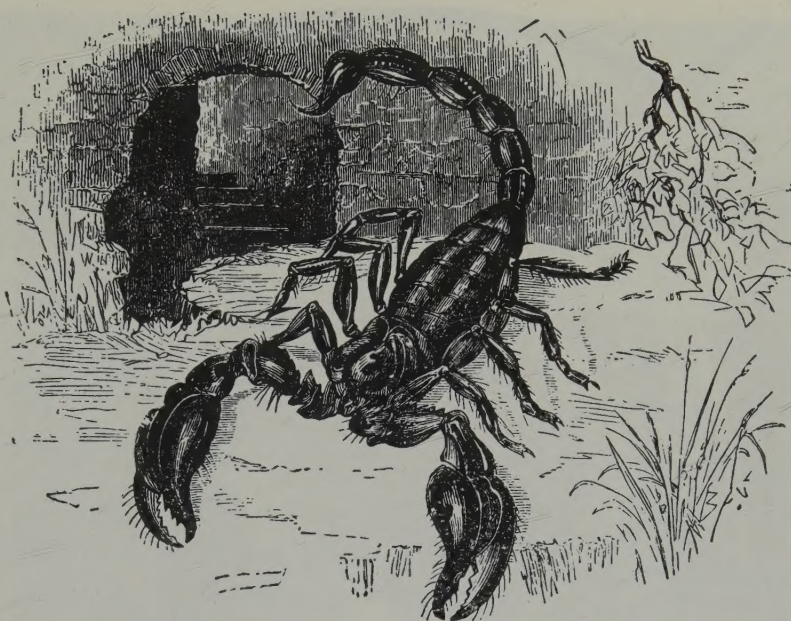
A STRANGE RECONCILIATION
The Father Swallows the Son
(Lambsprink)



CLEOPATRA'S SERPENT

The Scorpion

by PAUL BOWLES



AN old woman lived in a cave which her sons had hollowed out of a clay cliff near a spring before they went away to the town where many people live. She was neither happy nor unhappy to be there, because she knew that the end of life was near and that her sons would not be likely to return no matter what the season. In the town there are always many things to do, and they would be doing them, not caring to remember the time when they had lived in the hills looking after the old woman.

At the entrance to the cave at certain times of the year there was a curtain of water-drops through which the old woman had to pass to get inside. The water rolled down the bank from the plants above and dripped onto the clay below. So the old woman accustomed herself to sitting crouched in the cave for long periods of time in order to keep as dry as possible. Outside through the moving beads of water she saw the bare earth lighted by the grey sky, and sometimes large dry leaves went past, pushed by the wind that came from higher parts of the land. Inside where she was the light was pleasant and of a pink color from the clay all around.

A few people used to pass from time to time along the path not far away, and because there was a spring nearby, those travelers who knew that it existed but not just where it was, would sometimes come near to the cave before they discovered that the spring was not there. The old woman would never call to them. She would merely watch them as they came near and suddenly saw her. Then she would go on watching as they turned back and went in other directions looking for the water to drink.

There were many things about this life that the old woman liked. She was no longer obliged to argue and fight with her sons to make them carry wood to the charcoal oven. She was free to move about at night and look for food. She could eat everything she found without having to share it. And she owed no one any debt of thanks for the things she had in her life.

One old man used to come from the village on his way down to the valley, and sit on a rock just distant enough from the cave for her to recognize him. She knew he was aware of her presence in the cave there, and although she probably did not know this, she disliked him for not giving some sign that he knew she was there. It seemed to her that he had an unfair advantage over her and was using it in an unpleasant way. She thought up many ideas for annoying him if he should ever come near enough, but he always passed by in the distance, pausing to sit down on

the rock for some time, when he would often gaze straight at the cave. Then he would continue slowly on his way, and it always seemed to the old woman that he went more slowly after his rest than before it.

There were scorpions in the cave all year round, but above all during the days just before the plants began to let water drip through. The old woman had a huge bundle of rags, and with this she would brush the walls and ceiling clear of them, stamping quickly on them with her hard bare heel. Occasionally a small wild bird or animal strayed inside the entrance, but she was never quick enough to kill it, and she had given up trying.

One dark day she looked up to see one of her sons standing in the doorway. She could not remember which one it was, but she thought it was the one who had ridden the horse down the dry river bed and nearly been killed. She looked at his hand to see if it was out of shape. It was

not that son.

He began to speak: "Is it you?"

"Yes."

"Are you well?"

"Yes."

"Is everything well?"

"Everything."

"You stayed here?"

"You can see."

"Yes."

There was a silence. The old woman looked around the cave and was displeased to see that the man in the doorway made it practically dark in there. She busied herself with trying to distinguish various objects: her stick, her gourd, her tin can, her length of rope. She was frowning with the effort.

The man was speaking again.

"Shall I come in?"

She did not reply.

He backed away from the entrance, brushing the water drops from his garments. He was on the point of saying something profane, thought the old woman, who, even though she did not know which one this was, remembered what he would do.

She decided to speak.

"What?" she said.

He leaned forward through the curtain of water and repeated his question.

"Shall I come in?"

"No."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

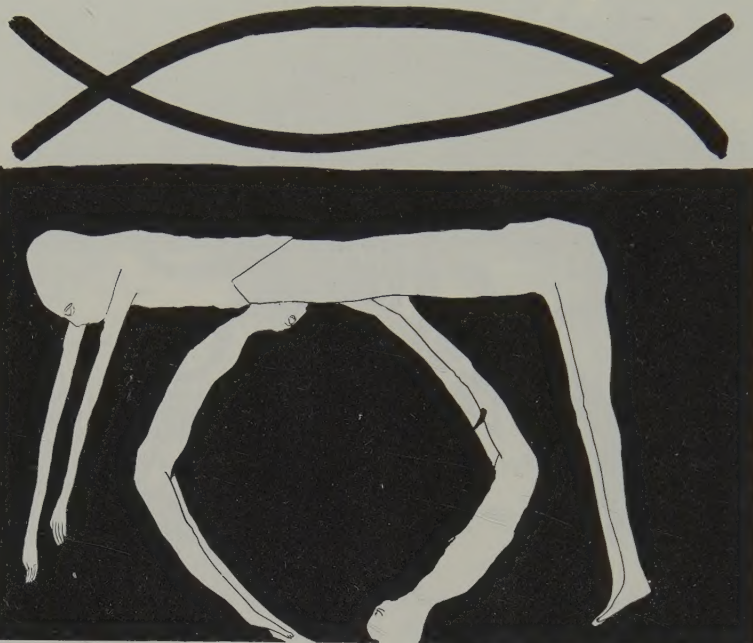
Then she added: "There's no room."

He backed out again, wiping his head. The old woman thought he would probably go away, and she was not sure she wanted him to. However, there was nothing else he could do, she thought. She heard him sit down outside the cave, and then she smelled tobacco smoke. There was no

[Continued on Page 16]

The Parabola of Poetry

by RAMON J. SENDER



PARABOLA

WALTER GOLDSTEIN

much, they serve, not so much as open windows facing on the luminous world, but rather as filters to keep that world out.

The same is true of our hearing. We can be assured that our ears are more useful to keep us from hearing what we prefer not to hear, than they are simply to hear with. Millions of vibrations reach the outer ear, which rejects them as excessive, undesirable or impure. The radio serves as an intermediary to render assimilable the delights of distant music, and since the law of compensation rules supreme, we are forced at the same time to hear the stupidities of advertising. But the fact is that our hearing filters sounds and permits us to hear only an infinitesimal part of those about us. Everyone knows that dogs hear much smaller vibrations than we do. With regard to the other senses we can say the same thing in varying degrees, and as for smell, the dogs themselves make excellent witnesses.

All our forms of sensitivity are

of much more use to us as defenses than as perceptive and assimilative elements. But our understanding, being for the most part a synthesis of our sensitivity, and our abstract knowledge being a synthesis of our understanding, can we not extend this same law to our intelligence? I am convinced that our reason serves not only as a means to understand, but above all as a way to keep from understanding too much. Stronger than the perceptive antennae of our understanding is the resistance we have against the permanent campaign of ideas attacking us from all sides, trying at all costs to penetrate into our interior. Just as with light and sound, the pure forms of a pristine and unperceived reality arrive at our imagination's door, and either enter or do not. Those that succeed in getting into the imagination (whose filters are fairly light and permeable) attempt to go on to the reason and the understanding, but to get through into these places they

must vanquish new and tougher resistance. Whatever finally passes through and becomes comprehensible is only a microscopic part of that immense virgin reality in the middle of which we live.

Accepting all this (and it can be accepted without making a very great effort) we can see the fact of artistic creation very clearly as a miracle. Poetic reality besieges us. All we need to do is weaken the resistances. Once this is accomplished, and the filters of the higher senses have been rendered more permeable, new forms of the heretofore ignored reality pass through and take their place in our repertory of expressible images and concepts. The problem consists in the following: can we weaken the natural resistances to the extreme point of letting the mystery rush through in torrents? The mystery may be unassimilable and may destroy us. Hundreds of poets, painters and musicians are victims of the malady brought on by its onslaughts. But if we are in a condition to assimilate this mystery that comes to us wanting to be made comprehensible and articulate, if we can assimilate it without managing to lose the harmonious unity of our senses, our understanding and our dreams, the problem is solved: we have arrived at the miracle that is poetry.

The phenomenon of the "weakening of resistance" can be called disintegration. This disintegration is well known to many painters, musicians and poets, and they benefit or suffer from it as the case may be. The entire secret of modern art lies in being able to disintegrate oneself without becoming lost.

★

Ramon Sender has completed the manuscript of a long novel, which will appear in English translation.

AMONG the mysteries that surround us one of the most engrossing is that which has to do with logical truth. In the mechanics—if one may use the term—of finding this "poetic truth" there can be involved a whole philosophy, as there is in the consideration of the substance and essence of the tiniest fact of nature, where there is neither "small" nor "large." Let us state our viewpoint upon this important facet of poetic discovery. Here as in many other instances the curved line can be the shortest way. We shall state it, then, by means of a parabola.

Modern physics shows that our eyes see only sixteen percent of the things whose existence can be proven by other means. Ultra and infra rays are inaccessible to us and it would seem that they guard the door that opens onto a whole other reality, powerful and diverse, which of necessity remains unknown to us. Of course, we have what a friend of mine calls "ultraviolet" writers, and there are others one might call "infrared," but these too find the way barred when it is a question of being able to see eighty-four percent of the world's forms and substances. In that case, can we really say that we have eyes to see with? We say it every day, and it is true. But it is not the whole truth. We ought to add that we also have eyes "in order not to see too much." It may easily be that the infrared and ultraviolet realities would so upset the harmony of our perceptive system, and would confound to such an extent our sensitivity that by protecting us from them our eyes perform a service of incalculable value to us.

Thus, if our eyes are not only to see with, but more especially to prevent us from seeing too

She Woke Me Up So I Killed Her

by JEAN FERRY



AUX FRONTIERES DU PLATRE

Photo Gina Hohens

"Les dormeurs sont de mauvais morts, ceux qui les reveillent de bons vivants."

A MAN awakened from sleep is in a state of legitimate self-defense.

A man who dreams does not sleep. You can't do everything at

once.

You never climb up into sleep; you always fall down into it, sink into it. It is a dark house dug deep under the earth. Lucky are those who have rented the last story, the lower one, where no one can come to bother them

The windows open toward the inside, and the black earth presses against the panes. In the center of the apartment, isolated by endless corridors, is the sleeping room. The bed is in a hollowed-out place; you get in through a manhole, as in a submarine. A silence

that it would take a diamond to cut turns slowly in the air, ensnaring the ears, the lungs.

Crushed against the earth, the man who sleeps, by a strange process of osmosis, takes on certain of the earth's qualities, and to a certain extent becomes mineral.

A naked man asleep rarely misses looking like a statue. He is of stone, or of clay. A whiter blood flows in his veins. We have been told that sleep is an asphyxiation. It is more like a petrification.

Why is it that one of the most dismal crooks in history, the man who bled, pillaged, terrorized, enslaved, ridiculed France, (formerly Gaul) should be the object of devoted veneration on the part of every Frenchman, (not to speak of foreigners)? Because he never slept. Napoleon never slept. What a genius! Work hard, child; perhaps some day when you grow up you won't sleep either.

O madness! O frightful despair! Man invented the saint, and he hopes to be a saint at any price, by hook or crook. Anything, so long as he may cease to be a man on earth, living the life of a man.

The two cults of the saint and the hero, these alone have caused more damage to humanity than alcohol and syphilis together.

The major social constraints which will be the first to be smashed by the future: the alarm clock and the guillotine. Two more or less identical accessories; mutually complementary, too. The man who comes to awaken the condemned prisoner has himself been awakened by an alarm clock. So, no alarm clock, no guillotine. Besides, if everyone slept as much as he wanted, there would be no crime. Imagine all humanity getting up one morning having slept enough. What a squabble! And what social system could resist the results?

It is hard to imagine a man who would be pleased if he were qualified in public as "good." The novelists have never wasted their time trying to tell the story of a good man. Only a few characters of Dickens, in particular the Cheeryble brothers ("Nicholas Nickleby"), are integrally good, and this gives them an unreal aspect which is so annoying as to be practically obscene. I suppose everyone has forgotten the Cheeryble brothers, the only good men in the world's literature, and doubtless no one is interested in knowing just how I imagine them. Still . . . they could only have been horrible albino, with dandruff on their necks. From their good red eyes great milky tears run endlessly, dropping onto the sticky wool of their vests. About

them clings a slight, vomit-like scent, the very odor of goodness. One night they shook my hand with great goodness, on the deck of a cargo ship laden with coal, whose turret was a pure and precise little Greek temple. Behind the pillars of the portico moved vague but dangerous wild beasts.

The irritation a man feels upon hearing himself called "good," especially in public, is perfectly natural, and no one is surprised by it.

If you admit this, let us imagine

dition; from now on he is your enemy. His venomous hatred will pursue you from that day forward. Keep out of deserted streets, open strange packages with great care, beware of pink candles with heavy smoke. It will be better to leave the country if you can afford it. And even then, out there, look out for the postcard hawker in Suez, the water carrier at Gatun Locks, the elevator boy at the Taj Mahal, the shepherd with the flock of llamas.

The man will have no more

terprise which is most ferociously combatted by society. The sleeper's life irritates man, reminding him that he too is a sleeper, and that before twelve hours are up he too will succumb.

This sleeper escapes you. The prisoner who sleeps a dreamless sleep is freer than the guard who, his keys at his belt, his eyes smarting with fatigue, pads up and down the prison corridors, for all the world like a worm moving from cavern to cavern in a piece of Swiss cheese. What profound darkness there must be at the center of the captive air-clot in the heart of a half-ton hoop of cheese!

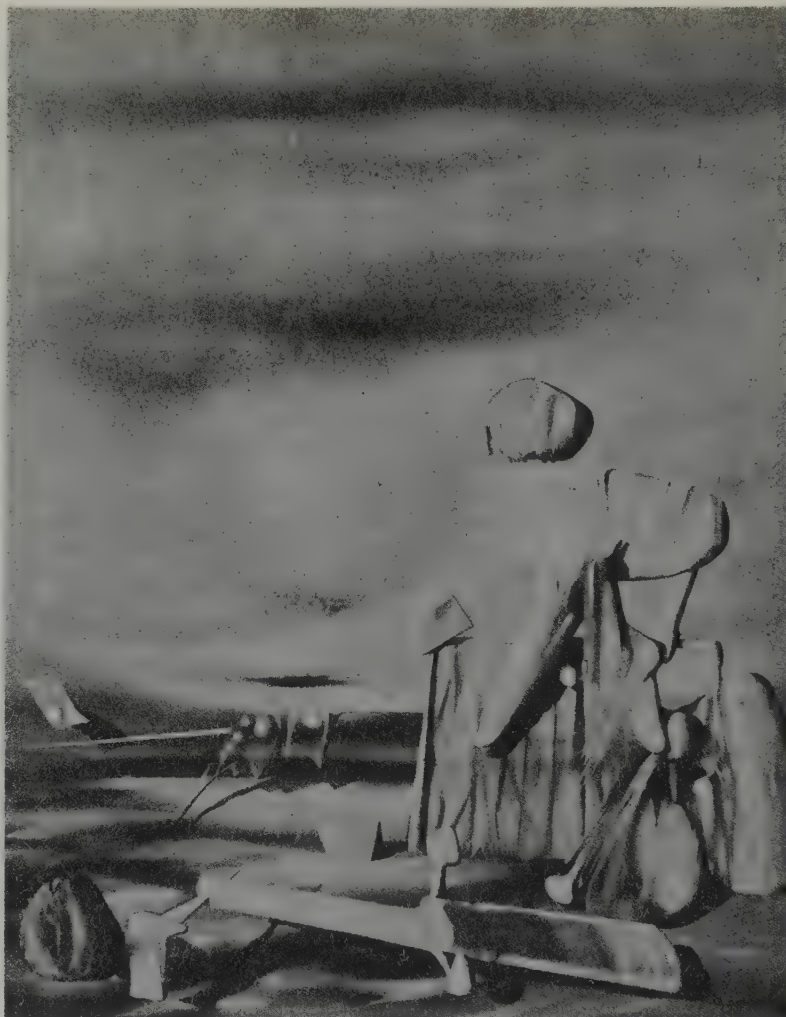
Look out! No dreams! The man who dreams is no longer a living dead man conscious of the fact that he is dead. He dreams, he lives, perhaps he is living the real one of his two lives, but life is like that and one is unable to see what he lacks in order to resemble the man awake that he will presently be. By means of the dream, life is prolonged and sleep is horribly degraded. Here you have man once again delivered over to the beasts, to the cold, to psychoanalytical interpretation, to the lay-out of the page, to regret, to poetry, in short.

There is a sleep without dreams, whether we like it or not. An unexploitable sleep which situates man in his true place in the cosmos.

Man is a sunflower. That is the great piece of evidence no one has noticed. This being said, all the rest goes without saying.

Take man at noon. He is standing up. Over his head is the sun. I do not say that he would not be happy to remain like that for all eternity, but what can I do about it? I did not arrange all this, and things do not happen that way.

Soon, the earth having turned, (or the sun; the point has still not been perfectly cleared up) the man is no longer in accord with the sun. He goes on living upright, but his head follows the sun as the needle does the magnet. Presently the sun is below the horizon. It is all over. All the efforts the man may make to keep his head above the line of that horizon, beneath which sleep is sinking, (I mean the sun) will be efforts made against nature. Willy-nilly, man stretches out on [Continued on Page 16]



L'ALPHABET DU VENT

Yves Tanguy
Courtesy Pierre Matisse

the following experiment, which to you may seem less dangerous than it does to me.

In front of many people, and preferably in the presence of the woman he loves and madly desires, say to a man: "I saw you sleeping so well! I can tell you, when you sleep you really sleep; there's no fake about it!"

What will happen? The man will feel even more fiercely hurt than if you had told him he was good. He may have shared the bitter bread of exile with you or undergone with you the choking dangers of a speleological expe-

rest until he has struck down the one who saw him sleeping well. Why?

Because man does not want to sleep, man does not want to get sleepy. If the Church had declared that the principal renunciation consisted in abstinence from sleep, instead of placing it a little lower down, the world would be nothing but one vast temple. The Church for once would have found itself face to face with the secret desire of everyone. Man is ashamed of his sleep; he refuses to have slept.

Next to love, sleep is the en-

Yves Tanguy, or the Mirror of Wonders

by RENE RENNE and CLAUDE SERBANNE

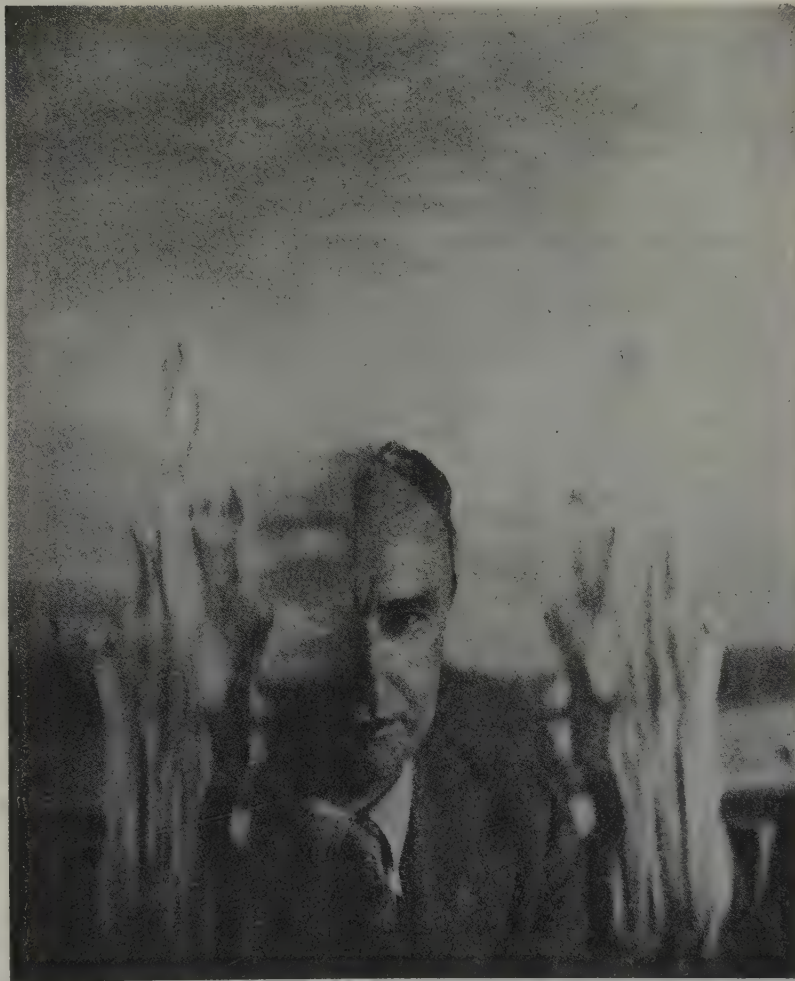
THE dream used to be the precinct of wonders. So was poetry. That was in the era when man, the plants and the animals spoke the same language, when words strung together all reflected the same kind of unity, the same kind of complicity.

Then the analytical spirit arrived, and, penetrating everywhere, transformed the present-day world into a critical universe in which the event has lost its meaning as an event and become the mere confirmation or invalidation of a thesis. The same event may also of course be interpreted in various ways.

The Surrealist movement, which has purported to affirm the priority of the dream over life, has but seldom properly pointed the moral. Instead, it has sacrificed everything to its thesis.

Naturally, we are not speaking here of the dream as a primary emotional manifestation which can be conjured up in a waking state, the way the shopgirl conceives it, but of the dream as it is envisaged by certain painters, especially those who have referred to their paintings as "hand-painted photographs of dreams," and who, by orientating their subconscious in a given direction, do what one might call "a priori" painting, more to prove a point than to tell a story. This applies in varying degrees to Dali, Magritte, and Seligmann. As for Max Ernst, in spite of appearances, it is the other way with him, as we shall see.

Among the leaders of the Surrealist movement, Tanguy is the only exception to the rule. He is remarkably simple, and he will never try, as Dali has, to make an ethic out of his esthetic. His total lack of prejudice, the human worth of his work, his intellectual depth, these things make it



YVES TANGUY: "He is his own prisoner" . . .

Photo by George Platt Lynes

inevitable that his plastic sense should be compared with that of Joan Miró and Arp, and his spiritual content with that of certain Flemish primitives, — Breughel, Patinir and Jerome Bosch.

But whereas the Flemish plunge us into a demoniacal world laden with erotic symbols that are more or less macabre, (strengthened, fortunately, by a broad sense of humor), the French painter, deliberately breaking with a transposition of reality, however free, is able to impose upon us his vision of a purely mental universe.

Yves Tanguy took up painting in 1926 and immediately joined

the ranks of the Surrealists, first coming under the influence of Giorgio di Chirico, principally in his use of what one might call the "shooting angle" of the picture, as well as in the use of shadows which were used in a way as to add to the sense of menace that hangs over each thing.

Besides Chirico's influence, Tanguy seems to have likewise come under that of the Catalan, Miró. Actually it is more a question of parallelism than of influence. The eroticism common to both men is explained differently in each case: national tradition with Miró, (Don Juan myth), and

simple logic with Tanguy, since it would appear that eroticism occupies the greater part of our dreams. (Although Freud recognizes that "there exist a great many dreams which tend to satisfy other needs than sexual ones, even when the term is used in its widest sense; these are the dreams brought on by hunger and thirst, and all the so-called dreams of convenience.") This difference, too, makes of Joan Miró a painter of joyous sensuality, and of Tanguy a solitary soul plagued by its dreams, and freeing itself from them only with uneasy difficulty. However, until 1930 one finds in his canvases ("Papa, Maman est blessée," 1927, etc.) various motifs directly inspired by the Catalan painter. After this date, the Frenchman deals with pathological Surrealism straight out of Freud. He rids himself definitely of the vegetable elements often used by Miró, thus granting Baudelaire's desire for a mineral universe, petrified by silence.

One of Tanguy's most striking traits is the taciturn character of his work, and this explains his restraint and the allusive symbolism by which he suggests to us the latent eroticism of dreams. On the whole his is the very attitude of the child toward sexual problems. The partition between his conscious and his subconscious is not yet completely formed, but already the principle of reason rejects certain sensations, certain images presented to it by the subconscious. Without realizing fully as yet the profound meaning of these symbols, the child refuses to be inhibited by them. With its marvelous intuition it seems to realize that such sensations or such images, while not fatal in themselves, can only result in disturbing or tarnishing the kernel of purity left in its soul.

Tanguy, with his "black" nature, conscious of its original impurity, soon joined the extreme avant-garde of Surrealism, along with those who had set themselves the task of liberating man from the oppression of reality. Rejecting the narrow canons of the real and the rational, perhaps wishing to seize the basic rhythms of a world just coming out of chaos, Yves Tanguy recreates for us the mental landscape of a man who, after having shattered the successive partitions that go along with the dream, arrives at an almost total purity, or rather at a widowed state, since such a condition of absolute receptivity puts him close to death and in touch with the beyond. There a sidereal light floods a world of wrecks and germs. There all is silence, mystery, solitude. This osmotic power which makes it possible for him to connect two distinct worlds is somehow made concrete by the infinite perspectives that bring together in his paintings what we shall arbitrarily call the earth and the sky. In the foreground, on the "earth," forms, either complete or cut as if by a ticket-punch, symbolize the wreckage left behind by the consciousness on its way toward a state of internal catalysis favorable to osmosis. Witches' sabbaths of little bits of bones and vertebrae trail off toward the horizon's line, that extreme limit of an impure world dominated by sexuality.

Between 1926 and 1932, the compositions of Tanguy offer more variety than in subsequent years. At this period the painter sees his universe from above (diver's view) and slightly at an angle. The ground is not yet all in one piece, the shadow-bathed horizon appears clearly. The forms in the foreground are scant but varied: grass, smoke, puddles of blood, sometimes even typographical characters or the beginnings of human figures. ("Il faisait ce qu'il voulait," 1927; "Vie de l'objet," drawing, 1932.) In "Vieil horizon," (1928), the impression of unexpectedness is unusually sharp; certain very distinct parts of the picture slice savagely across other parts, dim and drowned in shadows. The same is true of "Paysage noir," (1926). Such works show little stability; Tanguy is obviously trying to find himself. On the threshold of a world about to be discovered, he does not manage to

master his impulses, to apply cold-bloodedly a method which would guarantee his being able to put himself into a state of receptivity, to transform himself into a "picture-making machine." His figures take over the upper part of the canvas, swarm across the vague sky, evolve into supple, disturbing scrolls, ("Le Pacte," 1934), openly to affirm their mysterious individualities. It is an inimical, dissociated world, not without dynamism, (in contrast to his subsequent works) but with

ready predominate, but with more intensity than in the works after "Nag la pâle," (1932). Yet these are often diabolical delights, where cold rays of color play upon dark sensual backgrounds. ("Paysage noir," 1926; "Le jardin sombre," 1928).

The year 1929 was obviously the beginning of a period of transition in which the teachings of Freud give a sense of direction to Tanguy's eroticism, a more easily identifiable appearance. "Papa, Maman est blessée,"

with most of the Surrealists, found his subject matter in internal physiological manifestations. After Freud his vision springs from pathology.

Beginning with the year 1932, the painter masters his universe. From this point on, painting in full consciousness, he moderates his impulses. An infinite perspective connects the earth with the sky in a translucid and crystalline clarity. The static quality is complete. The numerous forms, usually of a sober cast, make a sort of perpetual waiting line along the front of the picture, ("Un risque dans chaque main," 1934; "Théories des réseaux," 1935; "Je vous attends," 1934). Sometimes there is a slight irony: ("Il se croyait bien seul," 1935).

In front of these canvases, as in front of Chirico's, one has the strange feeling that an inescapable event, somehow connected with one's own destiny, is about to occur, that some sort of dramatic parody is about to be enacted before one's eyes.

The world seems suspended, waiting for the *event* which the slightest breath would suffice to unleash, and these mysterious, immobile forms add still more to the menace one feels in the air. Residue of our dreams and thus of our acts, these forms show us ourselves, judge us implacably, viciously and yet with remorse, and, incidentally, betray a latent pessimism on the part of the painter to withdraw painfully within himself. Beyond these witness-forms and these judge-forms, beyond the barrier they cannot cross, the limits of the sin-ridden world, is the sky's immense virgin shore, the tangible symbol of the repose and the sleep that belong only to him whose life has been set free, once he has managed to shatter the last walls of the dream.

It is clear that on several points Tanguy is more of a Symbolist than a Surrealist. His work bears a close relationship to that of Pierre-Jean Jouve whose petrified world reveals the forbidden land. It is easy to make a parallel between the works of the two men. One need only go through "Noces," "Kyrié," "Matière céleste" or any other work of Jouve in order to meet at random the same mental climate of a Tanguy canvas, suggested by the same kind of thinning-out process, the

[Continued on Page 16]

walk ☆ for baby by Charles Henri ford

Through the transsensuality of witchcraft
Towards the condemned pavilions of pitiless inversion
Tu-whit, tu-whoo

About the obsessive observatory
Built over the waters of Dionysus
Labyrinth of illegal oases
Tu-whit, tu-whoo

Among boldfaced Occidentals
Attracted by the noise of loiterers under the rose of Aisha
Across squares as near as the submaxillary gland
Tu-whit, tu-whoo

From the heart of Copenhagen, heart full of nostalgia
Hand in hand with the rawboned priestess of stupefaction
Tu-whit, tu-whoo

Like psychic prowlers in quarantine
Anguish of emissions, unearthly ardors!
Past the house of the tongue-tied toreador
Tu-whit, tu-whoo

Back to the bowers of hare-lipped sultanas
Beside bears and peers of an elemental tenderness
Beyond celibate vices more beautiful than bewilderment
Tu-whit, tu-whoo

Until you reach the pit of the winds
Until you see the sign of eternity
Until you turn round at the sound
Of tu-whit, tu-whoo

the dynamism of the nightmare. A momentary incertitude is added to this instability; the painter's vision is divided, betrays an impotence due to his fixation, which makes him cling to certain elements that he separates from their context with a precision a little too real to be true. ("Proesèpe, 1928; "L'inspiration," 1929). The very colors are disquieting, unhealthy; lavender and pink al-

(1927), is the prototype of "Le Palais promontoire", (1930), which carries us on toward "Nag la pâle," a pivotal work in which the full, mineral form accompanied by its shadow makes its definitive appearance. Until then Tanguy's forms had been rather of a visceral sort, which accentuated their morbid character. Before coming under the influence of Freudism, Yves Tanguy, along



Art

IF THEY HAVE NO BREAD . . .

By PARKER TYLER

STUART Davis may be called the archetype of young American painters who, influenced by Europe and studying there, imported "international ideas" into native painting and reached a personal synthesis. First affected by the American Robert Henri, Davis then painted in the Van Gogh and Braque-Picasso manners, and finally evolved the form of abstractionism which, he wishes to assert, retains the real or "naturalistic" object. The Museum of Modern Art's gesture in according Davis a one-man show (which the public is scheduled not to exhaust till February 1946) is perhaps to be interpreted as patriotic—and pacifying, as well, to those champions of abstract art who have complained loudly of the Museum's indifference to an important phase of modern American painting. Be that as it may, Stuart Davis' art, subjected to the standard of one-man shows set by the Museum, fails to warrant the attention one expects to give so many paintings by one man in one uninterrupted series of rooms. Which is to say, with greater brevity, that Davis is not an important artist. Yet we cannot necessarily deduce, I think, that the efforts of the Museum are barren of constructiveness.

Mr. Davis is, as I have said, an archetype, and so may be examined in the laboratory as an American who has made a career of painting. His method is technically sound, and doubtless susceptible of extended analysis, but it seems more fertile, more evocative, to attempt to justify the Museum's action, not by an analysis that could be applied as well to better painters, but by particular observation of Davis' development: his *what* rather than his *how*. Indeed, the painter himself invites us to do this

by insisting on the element of naturalism.

But is "naturalism" merely the naming of an object? Perhaps, indeed, it is no more than that to Mr. Davis, who tells of his fascination with a common kitchen utensil, the egg-beater, of which he did a series. In one, the egg-beater is notably juxtaposed with a guitar, a "naturalistic" object which Picasso and his followers have rendered more famous than the Davis egg-beater. Not that Mr. Davis' "Egg-Beater No. 5" has not both skill and charm. The point is this: a skill and charm spread over so many paintings without any dramatic or deeply poetic conception of life is spread pretty thin. With the air of a neophyte who has the cult of the guitar to back him, Mr. Davis wants us to take the egg-beater and all his American objects, furniture, houses, and streets, for granted. He painted what he liked at home and abroad. Formal values are manipulated, dynamic tensions are created, space is made plastic. What more can one ask? Well, perhaps this: is it merely accident or coincidence that, for instance, the hierarchic egg-beater engaged Mr. Davis' faithful fancy, that a bag of Bull Durham (when he imitated dada-surrealism) found magically real place in the canvas, and that for the climactic exhibit at the Museum is a handsome rug, something to be walked on as well as looked at?

Next to the lyrical colors, which show Mr. Davis' taste for the fiesta, the impasto is the most striking factor in this painter's manner. They are colors whose intensity is often muted by the addition of white, thus making them ice-cream and candy colors. And oddly enough, their surface looks like home-churned ice cream or butter as well as cake frosting; to me, at least, they are *eatable* colors. Now, it does not seem unsymmetrical that Mr. Davis was fascinated by the egg-beater, whose mechanical principle is that of

the churn and which actually beats egg-white for cake frosting. Would it be far-fetched, then, to say that it is psychologically a kind of egg-white with which the painter has muted the intensity of his colors? Even the greens and reds are the sort found dyeing roses and rose-leaves on birthday cakes. If I seem facile, I say nothing which is not verifiable.

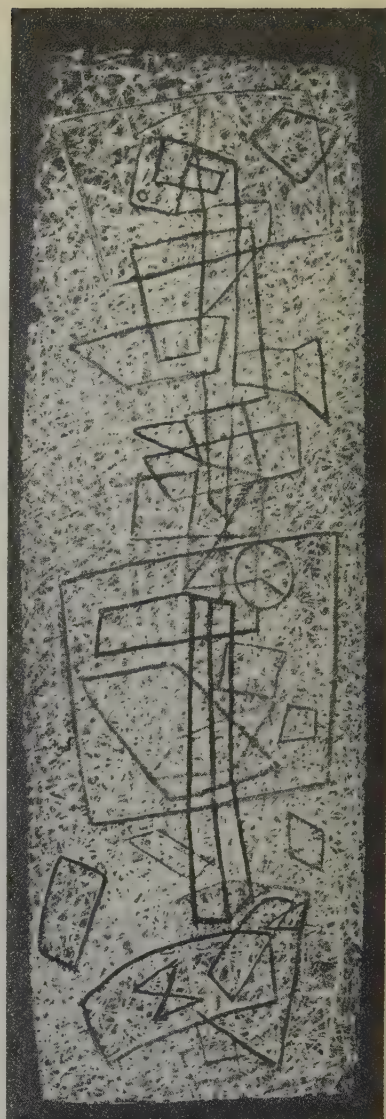
And indeed, I wish quite seriously to say this: nothing, no detail, of an artist's work is irrelevant, and the seemingly minute aspects of his work have been found to be of the utmost importance. Mr. Davis is not a bogus painter. But I suggest that his true or "abstract" preoccupation with structure is technically deep but esthetically shallow—a kind of buttercream icing for cubism. I further suggest that the comestible associations of the egg-beater and the emergent impasto are not unrelated to the terms in which, perforce, an artist must think of his art sometimes: as a means of livelihood, i.e., of "eating." I do not claim that Mr. Davis is fond of ice-cream and cake. But I suggest that these are symbols of innocent American good times, and "innocent American good times" (Mr. Davis would be the last to deny it) is the mood invariably evoked by his versions of streets, houses, and landscapes which, despite themselves, are dyed

[Continued on Page 20]

SUSPENSIONS

Mark Tobey

Courtesy Willard Gallery



EILSHEMIUS: Drawing

Courtesy Valentine Gallery

THE SCORPION

[Continued from Page 9]

sound beside the dripping of water upon the clay.

A short while later she heard him get up. He stood outside the entrance again.

"I'm coming in," he said.

She did not reply.

He bent over and pushed inside. The cave was too low for him to stand up in it. He looked around and spat on the floor.

"Come on," he said.

"Where?"

"With me."

"Why?"

"Because you have to come."

She waited a little while, and then said suspiciously: "Where are you going?"

He pointed indifferently toward the valley, and said: "Down that way."

"In the town?"

"Farther."

"I won't go."

"You have to come."

"No."

He picked up her stick and held it out to her.

"Tomorrow," she said.

"Now."

"I must sleep," she said, settling back into her pile of rags.

"Good. I'll wait outside," he answered, and went out.

The old woman went to sleep immediately. She dreamed that the town was very large. It went on forever and its streets were filled with people in new clothes. The church had a high tower with several bells that rang all the time. She was in the streets all one day, surrounded by people. She was not sure whether they were all her sons or not. She asked some of them: "Are you my sons?" They could not answer, but she thought that if they had been able to, they would have said: "Yes." Then when it was night she found a house with its door open. Inside there was a light and some women were seated in a corner. They rose when she went in, and said: "You have a room here." She did not want to see it, but they pushed her along until she was in it, and

closed the door. She was a little girl and she was crying. The bells of the church were very loud outside, and she imagined they filled the sky. There was an open space in the wall high above her. She could see the stars through it, and they gave light to her room. From the reeds which formed the ceiling a scorpion came crawling. He came slowly down the wall toward her. She stopped crying and watched him. His tail curved up over his back and moved a little from side to side as he crawled. She looked quickly about for something to brush him down with. Since there was nothing in the room she used her hand. But her motions were slow, and the scorpion seized her finger with his pinchers, clinging there tightly although she waved her hand wildly about. Then she realized that he was not going to sting her. A great feeling of happiness went through her. She raised her finger to her lips to kiss the scorpion. The bells stopped ringing. Slowly in the peace which was beginning, the scorpion moved into her mouth. She felt his hard shell and his little clinging legs going across her lips and her tongue. He crawled slowly down her throat and was hers. She woke up and called out.

Her son answered: "What is it?"

"I'm ready."

"So soon?"

He stood outside as she came through the curtain of water, leaning on her stick. Then he began walking a few paces ahead of her toward the path.

"It will rain," said her son.

"Is it far?"

"Three days," he said, looking at her old legs.

She nodded. Then she noticed the old man sitting on the stone. He had an expression of deep surprise on his face, as if a miracle had just occurred. His mouth was open as he stared at the old woman. When they came opposite the rock he peered more intently than ever into her face. She pretended not to notice him. As they picked their way carefully downhill along the stony path, they heard the old man's thin voice behind them, carried by the wind.

"Goodbye."

"Who is that?" said her son.

"I don't know."

Her son looked back at her darkly.

"You're lying," he said.

TANGUY

[Continued from Page 14]

same underlying pan-sexualism:

The heavy uterine land
Beneath the cruel pink pillars
And a monstrous stench of green mold
The purple magnetic rose of this world
The pure stones
The innumerable tininesses of time
Time struck by the ray of light
With the infinite cruelty of shadows
Sometimes a canvas brings to mind the memory of a certain poem, or vice versa:
The warm bulging softnesses and the smell

Of ashes and the odor of rose
Above the craters

This irresistibly suggests one of the "visceral" works of the painter's first period, while the following verses evoke the implacable, bitter cold of "Paysage Noir":

Here is that each thing is born
And rises up and adores
A naught in nothingness
And in the black of night

And it is a curious thing that Jouve should have given to one of his recent volumes the title: "The witnesses."

His perfect consciousness of the higher reality and the means by which it is reached, (the picture-making machine) necessarily lead Tanguy to monotony. His beaches in limbo, dim and unwrinkled, immaterial, ("Hérités des caractères acquis," 1936; "Le soleil dans son écrin," 1937), inevitably call forth a feeling of boredom and repletion, and ultimately produce an annihilating effect. See "L'ennui et la tranquillité," 1937. Symbols of life set free by death, they could scarcely be other than monotonous, the first condition of purity being absolute uniformity, interior as well as exterior. It means following the course of mystics in their osmotic entry into contact with the absolute, where in their isolation they are no longer conscious of anything but the feeble reflections of a totally disembodied universe.

The contradictory and complex aspects of Tanguy's pictures, at the same time pure and impure, can also be explained merely from the formal point of view. As a matter of fact, two tendencies meet face to face in the painter's work, one of them plastic (complete forms thrusting themselves out of the canvas), the other anti-plastic (perspectives, transparent beaches covered by thin mists, and so on). In any case, there is no tragic divorce. A particular genius makes it possible

for Tanguy effortlessly to perform both the uniting of contraries and the dissociation of similar elements.

An unwonted power is vouchsafed him, the power to bewilder and spellbind his victim, the power of revelation. What Heidegger wrote of the poet is true also of the painter: "Man is focussed against the backdrop of his own reality. There he attains peace,—not the illusory quietude of inactivity and emptiness of thought, to be sure, but that infinite peace in which all energies and all relationships remain in full activity." It is not for Tanguy to free himself of this obsessive power of his. He is his own prisoner, he is a captive in the world he creates, and with him we are forever at the edge of death and the dream, in the land of Magic.

SHE WOKE ME UP

[Continued from Page 12]

the earth to ease his heavy head which the sun is pulling, pulling from the other side of the earth. Let him stay up if he dares. He will feel across his entire body, all the way to his brain, the irresistible attraction that will disappear only with the dawn. But then his body, worn out by the struggle, will give in to the bad sleep of daytime, the hollow, tormented sleep, the illegal sleep, the sleep of him that defends his sleep against the sun.

Perhaps we have no need of knowing what goes on at night. That is why it is so easy to be a poet when speaking of the night, that unknown world. And poets have never deprived themselves of the pleasure of exploiting that rich vein. Sleep peacefully, we will explore for you the nights of sorcery, of love, of revolt, the poets have said; and on the banks of that mysterious island they have landed as conquerors, ravaging everything as they passed, without thought of the future exhausting the immense dream mines.

We, however, have a few black nights left: in their shadows the poets were unable or loath to see. Nights of thick ink. In their downy heat and in their frozen icebergs, we swim easily, brushing against the night reefs known only to us, caressing the night-fish of sleep, familiar and black, in the blackness of black chambers darkened by black stars.



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DESIGNS FOR LIVING

By PAUL GOODMAN

CITY DEVELOPMENT, by Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

WHEN DEMOCRACY BUILDS, by Frank Lloyd Wright. Univ. of Chicago Press.

THE CITY IS THE PEOPLE, by Henry C. Churchill. Reynal & Hitchcock.

IN "City Development" Lewis Mumford offers us a selection of important papers written from 1922 to 1944. Every one of the essays is full of good things and poisonous errors; and the evolution and devolution of the author's sensibility across the years, and both the recognized and the unrecognized contradictions, give this book a liveliness which certainly his stout books, going "all out" on a single more consistent attitude, do not possess.

Mumford, it seems to me, is an excellent observer of contemporary mores and motions; he is not afraid to choose small details and make them coalesce. He is terribly lacking in experience of creative work either manual or mental (and therefore he does not perceive its opposite, drudgery and wage-slavery), and he seems to be quite without any feeling for direct action (and therefore he is not saddened by what now passes for political behavior); nevertheless he at least feels sexual passion, the stir of animal vitality, rhythm, color, and domestic sentiment: his observation is many-sided.

It is just in his earlier work, as in the studies of New York in this volume, that his excellent observation is most evident. On the other hand, when he comes to causal analysis, one is astonished by the lack of direct statement, by the fumbling contradictions. He obviously cannot be so ignorant of Marx, Freud, etc., as he seems. Therefore one cannot help attributing to him an inner resistance to clarity and good sense. Thus, he will hit on a good example and suddenly block himself from applying it to the most relevant cases—as if he were afraid to go too far, or even to go at all.

To put this another way, it is impossible for a free man to have such perceptiveness of the dilemmas, the flatness, and the violence of our world and not become recalcitrant and radical in politics, sexology, pedagogy, etc., yet Mumford ends up with visions of Parks of Culture and Rest. (A similar restraint, of course, seemed to afflict Mumford's master, Patrick Geddes, as compared with Ruskin, Morris, Shaw, or Wilde.)

In place of causal analysis, Mumford most often turns to historical analogies; and this is justified by the fact that his subject matter is in the humanities—except that his history is mainly pure hogwash. Thus in 1929 his history teaches him that the individual free-standing house, which he

was then attacking, was a "product of the Romantic movement, the formal counterpart of the free and isolated 'individual.'" But surely it had been a farm house, and the objection to it should have been that when the farm lost its land and self-subsistent services—water, fuel, etc.—it was no longer rational, *unless* (as in Ralph Borsodi's homestead or Frank Lloyd Wright's Broadacres) some economic function was restored to it. But in 1944, now all out for raising the birth-rate, "the first governing consideration" in all planning policy, Mumford finds that the individual house is biologically indispensable.

"Cities that do not reproduce their population lack some necessary condition for effective family life: high ground rentals, congestion, lack of play facilities, the threat of moral debasement, the uncertainties of economic existence" (1938). Yet we know that just the poorest people do reproduce themselves and that in war-crises, when living is at its worst, the birth-rate rises among all classes; nor is it even likely that family life itself is indispensable for the purpose.

On the one hand Mumford says that the "prime desideratum" is: "to create an urban environment in which the processes of life and growth will be so normal, so visible, that by sympathetic magic it will encourage in the women of the child-bearing age the impulse to bear"; on the other hand he says that "forgetfulness of the need for privacy in sexual relations causes neurotic disturbances, as Freud demonstrated long ago, in the young." Surely Freud demonstrated no such thing, but rather that in middle-class families, precisely where there is a general concealment and squeamishness, the sight of parental intercourse disturbs the repression.

My point is that Mumford excellently turns to the most important and difficult problems, but that unfortunately he doesn't know what he is talking about.

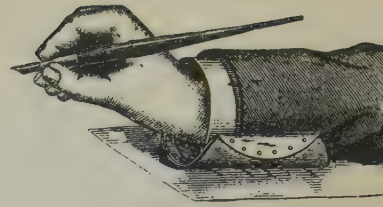
The main thesis of Mumford's later writing is that our world has passed the period of Expansion and must now Stabilize: "The task for our age is to decentralize power in all its manifestations and to build up balanced personalities capable of utilizing all our immense resources of energy, knowledge, and wealth without being demoralized by them. . . .

"We must offer more physical outlets, not merely for aimless play, but for sober manual activities. Ironically, the introduction of these salutary arts is now delayed until a neurosis appears; whereas in a well-balanced life they are ways of guarding against a breakdown. . . . But potent dangers attend stabilization itself. . . . Plainly we cannot afford to create a war in every generation in order to break into fixed routines, to disrupt sessile habits, to renew our emotional vitality. We can and must arrange our environment and our course of life so as to prevent premature fossilization. . . .

"Finally, if the community is to achieve balance, this must be effected by counterbalancing all our impersonal, scientific conquests . . . by an ever deeper exploration of man's feelings and emotions." (pp.181-4)

Now here we have stated the exact complement, in culture-history, of

Literature



the political slogans of Social Security, National Unity, and the No-Strike Pledge; of the pseudo-psychoanalysis of free personality and interpersonal-ity of Fromm and Horney; and of the mental-hygienic debauch of progressive pedagogy.

This poisonous attitude appears in every new serious book. How can one breathe in this dense air in order to repeat a revolutionary word? Let me just ask: does one "build up" a creative and natural life, or does one liberate it by a continual overhauling of the institutions?

Is it the fact that the well-rounded personality "utilizes" all "our" immense resources, or does he, by living out his vocation, appropriate them for himself as his own? He renews them for us; we do not give them to him. And is the beloved production of an artisan a "guard against a breakdown" or rather just his way of life? Do we guard health or rather destroy disease? *Natura sanat.*

And what shall one say of the astounding expression "to arrange an environment and a course of life so as to prevent fossilization"? Is this not presumptuously extending to all ages an attitude that is appropriate only to the most dependent infancy? And what on earth is "impersonal science"? Was the science of Faraday impersonal? Or perhaps Mumford imagines that the activity of the great industrial laboratories is the life of science? The problem is not, accepting a "neotechnology," to co-ordinate it with a "way of life"; but to find a technology in a way of life.

In discussing the crucial problem of how planning is to be effected, Mumford (in 1938) contrasted planning by commissions with planning by a single personality akin to the city manager. In the interests of efficiency and unity, he chose the latter, referring to the work of Robert Moses. But in 1945 he adds the following footnote:

"In view of his inability to tolerate, still less profit by, criticism, I would now be inclined to throw safeguards around such a personality by giving the popular educational body a more positive political function in a resolute effort to check the aberrations to which the will-to-power is subject." (p. 140)

Always planning from above and always safeguards from below! Does one "give" a positive political function, or is it exacted by free action? It is the same notion as industry run by a committee of "management" and labor. Why is this hybrid necessary? Why is direct action impossible?

It is refreshing to turn from such stuff to Frank Lloyd Wright's new repetition of his rhapsody for the Broadacres motorized-rural way of life—where he speaks of "learning to let the inevitable Natural City go on building itself. The right kind of buildings, built the right way in the right place for the right people, and the right kind of City will build itself. The studied avoidance of interference by meddlers is the new 'Planning'."

Wright has by now quite deserted the forms of propositional reasoning. This new work is composed entirely of pairing off the universal exclamations: Organic-Inorganic, Romantic-Necclassic, Free-Servile, Architecture-Skyscraper, Individual-Isms, etc., etc. There is only one new term: Con-scription, which he regards as the greatest crime and the ultimate form of Rent. I should imagine that Wright, who believes that the Japanese were the world-masters of domestic housing, the highest kind of architecture, finds it hard to believe that they are subrational apes. He says that the only hope for the Americans in the "impending" war between the yellows and the whites is that the yellows too have been infected with our madness.

Henry Churchill, one of the designers of one of the typical housing projects, argues in his book for a general integration to change our sorry urban patterns. At the same time he avers that the goal of a man's work is "a steady income"; in another place he speaks of "music, books, and other hobbies"; and he urges us to decentralize in order to prepare for the bombings of World War III. The book begins with an historical survey of old foreign and American city plans on such a level that, in speaking of Washington, for instance, he does not mention the never-realized Potomac-Ohio canal, which alone gave to the original conception of the District of Columbia any reason for existence. Perhaps some other reader can discover what he means by "integrated planning."

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GENTLEMEN WHO RHYME

By MARIUS BEWLEY

ESSAY ON RIME, by Karl Shapiro. Rey-
al & Hitchcock.

LITTLE FRIEND, LITTLE FRIEND, by
Randall Jarrell. Dial Press.

SELECTED POEMS, by Marsden Hartley.
The Viking Press.

A MAN AGAINST TIME, AN HEROIC
DREAM, by William Ellery Leonard.
D. Appleton-Century Company.

BEHIND Karl Shapiro's analysis of the contemporary confusion in lan-
guage and belief in his *Essay on Rime*, one feels the desire, but not quite the courage, to achieve a position as heavily battlemented with positives and absolutes as the theological fortress occupied by Eliot. There is a frigid grimness in the logical articulations of the argument which leads him to the threshold of professio, a Canis Domini directness in the gaze he turns upon his heresy-ridden contemporaries, and an impatient brutality in his rejection of the irrelevant which makes one wait amid the thumping measures of his rhetoric for the cry of faith. The *Essay* never, it is true, glows with the mellow Patristic lustres of Eliot's theology, but the reasoning proceeds in such an odour of University-of-Chicago-Sanctity that when it all ends with a half-hearted apotheosis of Freud one naturally feels frustrated. Still, Shapiro's diagnosis of the malady of our times is brilliantly stated, even if the insights are not all as new as the tone of the poetry somehow implies. In this respect I can't help thinking of Coriolanus's speech:

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis
there,
That like a eagle in a dove-cote, I
Fluttered your Volscias in Corioli.
Alone I did it. Boy!

It is the sudden drawing up of the argument, this hesitation in the suburbs of the Good Life, that makes the *Essay* end on a note of inconclusiveness. It gives the impression of holding moral and critical data on our times in suspension, rather than of precipitating any solution vigorous enough to curb the disintegration which Shapiro analyzes. Shapiro might argue that he leads the reader through a major and minor premise, and if the fellow is too weak in logic to draw the inevitable conclusion, so much the sadder he. But actually as it stands the *Essay* gives me the impression of a brilliant but schizophrenic syllogism, and Shapiro himself a Moses with all his deserts behind him staring at a Canaan he cannot enter.

This inconclusiveness of the *Essay* (in fairness to Shapiro he himself writes, "This essay is intended in no sense to be definitive") is largely dependent on the nature of his final pronouncement. The arts must be re-

garded merely as

"... beneficent and harmless forms. This is the sane perspective, one that brings The beloved creative function back to scale."

Without going into a consideration of this position as an esthetic or a moral question, which would require a larger frame than the present review, one can at any rate look upon it as too feeble a gesture to achieve the spring heart-cleaning which Shapiro is after. A few lines later on he talks about humility, and again he draws near to the Eliot of the *Quartets*. But if Shapiro is expecting to fill out the "beneficent and harmless forms" of art with the cardinal virtues he will have to feature them more unambiguously than he has done in the present book. For example, where he uses the word "humility" in the context referred to, it is decidedly weaker than Eliot's use of the word in the *Quartets*. And since Shapiro so decidedly wants to break into the Celestial City, for the sake of his poetry I hope he will not always shy away from the larger meaning. And this hope is expressed from the literary-critical point of view, into which neither faith nor doubt may legitimately enter. For despite the masculine assurance, so personally, and often effectively, expressed in a curious combination of Miltonic, contemporary, colloquial, and Jacobean cadences, Shapiro's poetry is not wholly at its ease, and I doubt if it will be until he goes whole-hog and takes his place beside Eliot and Auden, possibly as the Hemingway of Orthodoxy.

I regret that it is impossible here to point in some detail towards the particular concrete literary judgments which are closely incorporated into the thread of argument. Though many of them are among the commonplaces of our better criticism, they are usually stated with a conciseness and point that is illuminating. And they commonly involve the important recognition of language as a central discipline which is not often enough made—a discipline reaching beyond the restricted denotation of the word to a scale of implications whose range proceeds from politics and etiquette to metaphysics. It is the knowledge with which Shapiro makes the transitions from the specific considerations of language to the panoramic consequences that open out behind the separate word which is his chief adornment. In comparison with such a dreary treatise on a somewhat similar theme as C. S. Lewis's *Pilgrim's Regress*, the *Essay on Rime* as a piece of analysis, and as evolving a personal rhetoric, is successful. And in comparison with a poem like Roy Campbell's *Georgiad* (which is a much gayer literary indictment to read) Shapiro's work is profound and

developed.

In Randall Jarrell's recent volume of poetry, *Little Friend, Little Friend*, death is not the operatic conclusion it has been for so many war poets. The people who die are puzzled, and their sadness is wistful rather than bitter. Over and over they ask: Why did I die? It is the quality of inconclusiveness in any possible answer which is at bottom the chief urgency in all of these poems. In his capacity for pity, the tenderness with which he writes of the war-sentenced soldiers, Jarrell will inevitably recall Wilfred Owen; and many of his poems have a country quietness about them reminiscent of the poetry of Edward Thomas—a quietness that domesticates the whine of his aeroplanes and reduces the unimaginable scale of war to a stage suitable for personal tragedy. In many of his poems there is the same State-Hatred that runs through Alex Comfort's work, but whereas in Comfort the violence of indignation has hardened the contours of his general sensibility, in Jarrell the private pity he feels for the individual in his agony and bewilderment focuses the emotion of the poem always on the sufferer rather than the torturer, while a strain of carefully poised humour, so faint as to be hardly perceptible beneath the layers of sadness, and too sweet to be mistaken for irony, veers the poems from the more savage points of bitterness. I should be surprised if much war poetry better than *Little Friend, Little Friend* has come out of the late war.

Marsden Hartley's *Selected Poems* create a tension as one reads them between embarrassment and boredom, but in the midst of the general flaccidity it is difficult to find any other. The titles sufficiently suggest the poetry's quality to make much comment unnecessary. Opening the volume at random one reads: Park Avenue Baby in Its Pram, Old Lady in Park, The Ladies and the Pigeons, Daily Library Visitor, Grinning Woman, Three Ladies at the Fair, Soldier on His Knees in the Snow, Millinery, etc. From the dull American rhetoric of his Lincoln poems, and his little epics on American places,

I admire my native city because
It is part of the secret sacred rite of
love of place,

to the flaking-gilt whimsy of "He wore a butterfly upon his flanks" (a wing to each flank, perhaps?), the sensibility is uninterruptedly commonplace and irrepressibly voluble. But even less forgivable is William Ellery Leonard's *A Man Against Time: An Heroic Dream*. This is a dreary sonnet sequence that convinces me Leonard never enjoyed anything later than Meredith's *Modern Love* and Santayana's early poetry. The dust

jacket says that Leonard "influenced the lives of literally thousands." Considering what "literally thousands" prefer in poetry, I should not be at all surprised if this were true.

★

ISHERWOOD FORGET-ME-NOT

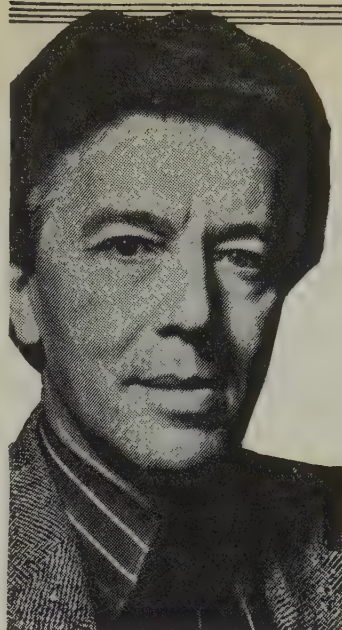
PRATER VIOLET by Christopher Isherwood. Random House.

by PARKER TYLER

IN *Prater Violet*, Mr. Isherwood refers to himself as Mr. Isherwood, but if he had called himself Zoroaster he would appear no less Mr. Isherwood. Which (I am aware) is a source of animated satisfaction to those critics who find Isherwood's fiction about the brightest and best in 1945. This prejudice is not hard to understand after sober analysis of the facts. Mr. Isherwood is a Serious Modern Person, signifying—despite everything—the Old School tradition, whereas alertness to contemporary nuance and awareness of profound forces seem not alien to his mind. Moreover, he has the smart touch: a light-fingered way with the bulkier sort of truth that impresses the readers of "Harpers Bazaar" no less than tired post-war intellectuals. Assuredly *Prater Violet*, written in America about a Viennese movie director imported to England, has all the streamlining (if not the *je ne sais quoi*) of a bestseller.

I've never read anything by Isherwood before. But I was reasonably astonished to find in this novel that modulation of narrative technique, those intonations of fictional speech, that one attributes, not to the serious school of thought with which Isherwood is associated, but to the "slick" magazines. Is Mr. Isherwood's California experience responsible? Is indeed his hero-director an importation of Hollywood rather than of Elstree? It would be all right if *Prater Violet* indicated merely that Isherwood had spent time around a movie studio, but it also suggests that he has spent at least as long a time with a manual on the art of fiction, supplemented by courses in screen writing. His sessions with his hero, Friedrich Bergmann, for whom he writes the script of the movie, "Prater Violet," are no joke.

Barring Zoroaster, who is Christopher Isherwood as an observer of life and an artisan of the imagination? The answer lies in the figure of his hero, who seems a sort of reincarnation of Mann's Peeperkorn, a semi-mythical figure symbolizing the life-force, and for Isherwood the grandfather. In my opinion, Peeperkorn is Mann's weakest character and speci-



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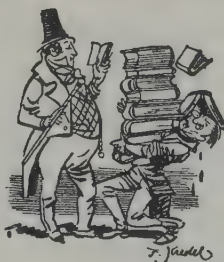


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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John Myers, who, having been duly sworn according to the law, deposes and says that he is the managing editor of View, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the above date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of Aug. 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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JOHN MYERS, Mng. Ed.
Oct. 1945
MARTIN FERBER
Commission expires Mar. 30, 1946

fically because of his mystical X-ness. Yet neither Mann nor Isherwood are really mystics, but rather metaphysical rationalists. The effect of Peepkorn on the magic-mountain dwellers cannot be compared in quality with that of Bergmann on Isherwood and the movie actors, because Isherwood's conception of life is several rungs lower than Mann's. What is the mystical essence revealed by Bergmann to Isherwood? He makes a movie with him, the experience is strangely exciting, and in the end the author identifies himself as a "child" and Bergmann as his "father." Isherwood's reduction both of religion and psychoanalysis is quite manifest.

For clarity's sake, one might hazard an opinion as to the principle of insight on which such fiction bases its conception of reality. Sensitive people are aware of important and mysterious forces in life but they can seem to grasp them only through other people and their works; these are the writers who speak of the most moving and powerful things occasionally but without any direct insight into them; they have with them only "a speaking acquaintance" as one might have with a great man. It is significant that Bergmann is a worker in another medium, the movies, for thus the genius of movie art seems mysterious to Isherwood: something he can convey to the reader only with the modesty of a non-technical person, only by linguistic analogy. But doing so, Isherwood conveys the same impression as slick-magazine writers talking about "life." Is it not genius itself with which Mr. Isherwood is only "on friendly terms" and is not Bergmann the father-genius who shows him a kindly benevolence but without instructing him in the ways of art? So most writers are only "on friendly terms" with reality and never dwell in its bosom.

★

MARXIAN NATURE

HUMAN NATURE, THE MARXIAN VIEW, by Vernon Venable. Knopf.

By PAUL GOODMAN

ON the Marxian view, human nature has 3 meanings: (1) The "original" nature that differentiates our species: this is man especially as a cooperative producer or social expropriator of physical resources; historically this is the man of "primitive communism"—a society in which there is mutual aid but no stratified division of labor. (2) Again, human nature is the character of men as formed by coercive historical institutions: e.g. under capitalism, it is man spiritually and emotionally alienated by money-values, isolated by competition, and reduced to craft-

idiocy and machine-automatism by the subdivision of labor. (3) Finally, human nature is the rebellion in man brought on by intolerable biological deprivation and spiritual depoverishment: uniting to seize the collective technology and to institute a new communism transcending the division of labor, of mental and physical, of city and country, of specialist crafts, etc. The post-revolutionary period will recommence "human" history.

The present author rather neglects, I should say, Marx's deep feeling for the original dignity and many-sided potentiality of unmarred human-beings, the feeling of Marx's discussions of the humane artists of past time, those "unspoiled children." That is, Venable understates the Rousseauian and French Revolutionary inspiration of Marx. And even more than Marx, he omits discussing the "utopian" institutions of the post-revolution; but this comes to the same thing as not criticizing the institutional trends of the Soviet Union. In general, the tone of the book is more Leninist than Marxist, and more 1935 Stalinist than either.

A good deal of space is spent on proving the scientific character of dialectics—leading to a kind of pragmatist interpretation already made familiar by Sidney Hook. But apart from a greater emphasis on ideal human nature as a realization of human powers and a more concrete presentation of particular utopian social mores, it is not clear to me just what the goals or the hypotheses of the practical science are supposed to be. In the theory-of-progress atmosphere of the last century, it was not implausible for Marx to put his trust in history to produce ideals and provide occasions; but a pragmatic-scientific revolutionary theory cannot do without a definite end-in-view and specific institutional hypotheses testable perhaps on a small scale. (This is the method, for instance, of Kropotkin.)

Finally, the history of recent times, it seems to me, has brought out a contradiction in the psychological theory of Marx himself: namely, that the coercive institutions have formed a human character so warped and so adjusted that even in the social struggle men no longer aspire to their natural goals but toward more tolerable forms of the same coercive institutions. Thus, the goal of the economic struggle is wages and working conditions; it is no longer, even ideally, creative cooperative production as befits a man. What would Marx have thought of the ideal of the standard-of-living? If we are ever to have human history, we must by-pass this institutional morass and directly corrupt humanity to the forgotten power that is in them to realize.

★

[Continued from Page 15]
with fiesta colors. Was a package of Bull Durham not the classic stand-by of painters too poor to buy cigarettes? Coming to the rug, is such an object not rare both as *objet-d'art* and household article? The rug looks extremely expensive and doubtless is. From the egg-beater to the rug, in the graph of Mr. Davis' life, may be traced a rising curve of success whose most convivial elements have been transposed by the artist to paint, even if, at the high moments, something stronger than lemonade was served.

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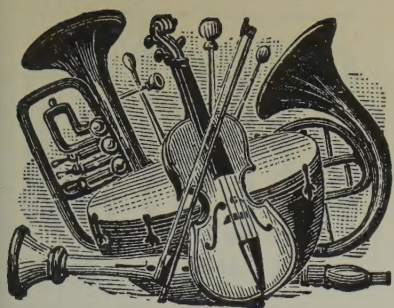
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Music

by Lou Harrison

RECENT RECORDS AND CONCERTS

AMONG recent recordings which have come to this department the most interesting are Columbia's.

This company is following an intelligent policy of issuing one album of contemporary music each month. The selections are varied and interesting, and though the quality of recording is not always absolutely dependable the records are well worth looking into.

Villa Lobos, that incredibly fertile and unpredictable Brazilian is represented in recent releases of his *Bachianas Brasileiras*, No. 5, and a volume of *Serestas*. His bumptious friendliness as a composer is evident in several of the latter songs, beautifully sung by Jennie Tourell with an orchestral background conducted by the composer. One of them, "April," is a particularly pleasant little work, sentimental and lilting. The *Bachianas Brasileiras* No. 5, an *Aria* and *Cantilena*, is one of the composer's more lurid reminders of what Bach might very well be up to were he a living Brazilian composer. I like it very much, personally, though I can easily see that its direct expression might stop many well before the end of the first side. It is a long, ecstatic melody which, sung and hummed by Bidu Sayao to the accompaniment of eight cello (no less), hasn't even a trace of the sternness or solemn irony we northern Americans go in for, and is quite shockingly musical.

Under the composer's own direction Virgil Thomson's *Five Portraits* are especially well set forth and recorded. The disks give out a fine full tone with a natural and brilliant resonance. The delivery of the Philadelphia Orchestra is in every way clear and punctual and seems really responsive to the composer's baton. Mr. Thomson's musical portraiture is a special instance of his own composing process. The subject is actually in the room with the composer and is the focal center around which his ideas form. The pieces in this sense are done from the life. The process whereby the music is formed is, however, the same process Mr. Thomson employs in the execution of any other musical problem, a process most simply described as "analytic" in con-

sideration of its resemblance to the Freudian way of getting the inside out into the open. Indeed Mr. Thomson's technical approach, though stemming in part from the meditation system of Gertrude Stein also resembles certain methods of self-analysis, and produces what in many ways is a kind of clinical record of the state of the artist at this moment. Schoenberg's method of twelve-tone composition is very similar to this method, with the difference that in Schoenberg's one meditates about a purely musical subject in the shape of a series of pitch relationships instead of, as in Mr. Thomson's method, meditating about a pre-set musical vocabulary. Mr. Thomson's free-association, uncensored and uncomposed, depends on the idea that one retains what he hears in quite definite form, almost as a special musical vocabulary. From this he derives his doctrine of "Specific Expressivity" in that the little groupings of musical tones and rhythms one has retained are supposed to come out during the composing process almost as definite in shape and form as words, each grouping, according to Mr. Thomson's idea, being charged with a definite expressive nature. This is a baroque doctrine, very close to the concept of "affections."

Of this series of five portraits I like best the study of Picasso which is subtitled *Bugles and Birds* and the lovely slow *Cantabile* for Strings which is the delineation of Nicholas de Chatelain, the French painter.

Due to a sell-out, I am unable to tell you of the new recording of *Vaerklaerte Nacht* by Schoenberg which is masquerading in a Victor release under a cover showing a lift from *Pillar of Fire* and advertising widely (so that no sales will be missed) that the work is used as an accompaniment to that ballet. The name of the greatest living master of composition is to be found in tiny letters up in one corner and on the back.

* * *

The most pleasurable concerts I have attended so far this season were presented at the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin on 46th Street. Ernest [Continued on next page]

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MUSIC

[Continued from Page 21]

White was heard playing on the organ, and Edith Weiss-Mann on the Harpsichord. The final concert of the three also featured Helen Techner Tas violinist and the Choir of St. Mary the Virgin.

These programs, which took place on the first three Monday evenings in November, had the inestimable advantage of the use of one of the finest organs of modern times. This instrument is amazing, and if you have not heard an organ which keeps you awake, raises the hair on your head, and is an absolutely wonderful musical instrument, I recommend that you take time out to go to St. Mary the Virgin and listen, if only to come away with a revised opinion of our most maligned instrument. In the loud passages it is almost impossible to describe the rich, plangent brilliance that is heard, or in the soft passages the velvety lightness of the sound. Mr. White, who officiates at this organ, is a very accomplished and convincing musician. His registration is at all times fascinating and appropriate, and his technical address of uniform excellence. I was especially pleased by his vital sense of rhythm, a sense which is seldom developed in organists and very seldom developed to the degree in which Mr. White

knows it. His reading of the monstrously flashing and vigorous Dieu Parmi Nous of Messaien was particularly clear, hypnotic, and forceful.

Miss Edith Weiss-Mann, a fine Harpsichordist, was heard to more than average advantage on that instrument by virtue of the grand amplification which the church walls provided. In effect the Harpsichord frequently sounded like the reedy stops of the organ, so long was the after-ring and so rich the acoustic additions. Most effective of her presentations was the Bach Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue in which she demonstrated her enviable manual control over the instrument as well as a high and purposeful musicality. Her reading of the wonderful Fugues by Frescobaldi was equally good, rich in style and thoughtfully heard. These are among the many neglected masterpieces of the past which enjoy more or less constantly the admiration of the musical but which are absolutely unknown to what might be called our "professional" audience; that is, the audience which attends our big "fifty-pieces" concerts. The Fugues are astonishing works, executed in a bold and clear manner, that were written during one of the high periods of instrumental polyphony a century before Bach, and certainly hold their own against later works of the kind, including Bach's own.

VISIONS

[Continued from page 8]

I saw the noble Princess de Bourbon, sister of the great king. She was on an island between two seas. One of the seas was turbid and full of eels, the other sea was clear and contained only good edible trout. The sun was shining over the clear sea, the moon spread her coldness over the troubled sea. In her right hand the Princess de Bourbon held the tail of a she-ass; in her left hand she held the tail of a mule. The she-ass wanted to drink the clear water, and the mule the turbid. She herself could not decide out of which sea she would drink.

* * *

We were at the height of summer, and the sun was at its greatest heat. I saw only great fires everywhere. Each being held in its hand an egg. Out of thirty-three thousand there were three thousand who went to cook their eggs in the flames of the sun and thirty thousand who went to cook for them in the flame of the fire. Written on the eggs cooked in the sun's flame was the word "saved," and on the eggs cooked in the fire was written "lost." Then the sky's trumpets cried out: "Pull your eyes out of the heat and see what is inside." The males brought all their eggs into my room, and the females took theirs into the Marquise de Verneuil's room. I broke the males' eggs and she broke the females'. The eggs which had been cooked in the sun's flames contained birds that came out and flew into the sky, and those which had been cooked in the fire contained birds that had no wings. These birds remained on the ground, males as well as females, and were devoured by the snakes.

* * *

I saw the great circle of the sky all on fire, and the world was entirely surrounded by fire. And I saw the secret of how the sun works. The sun is like a perfectly round steel table; and the fire is behind the sun and gives a great brightness. The moon is the same, only behind the moon there is a great coldness.

* * *

I saw that the Marquise de Verneuil was holding a bitch in heat. Two persons came into the room looking just alike; one was carrying a gold collar and the other had his throat filled with spittle, and they both wanted the bitch. The one who tried to put the gold collar on the bitch was bitten by her; when the bitch had the collar on she became a girl, and when she took it off she became a bitch again. The person who had the spittle in his throat spit it out upon her, and the bitch followed him and became his.

[Translated by PAUL BOWLES]



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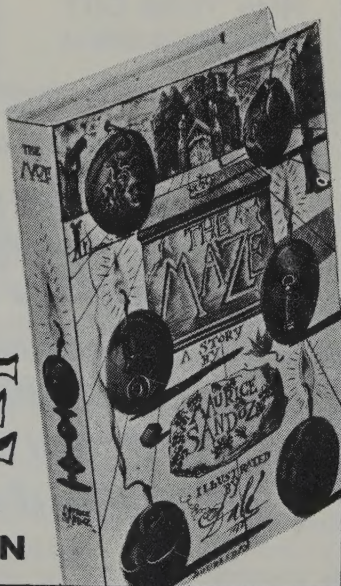
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